4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

789 needle, a warning evidently to other fleas of the fate awaiting them.

The women in South Albania twist together a [751] number of coloured threads and tie them round the children's wrists and necks, in order to preserve them from sunburn or sunstroke, and draw a similar thread along the threshold of the house. They also roll up tightly little balls of rag, at which they stitch assiduously with a needle and thread; and when asked what they are doing, they reply, "We are sewing up the plague, snakes, and sickness." On this day no vegetables are eaten, the sweet cakes and dishes, in which the Ritza alone indulge, being believed to ensure a good [777] summer. The whole of this month is a close time for the ravens, as to kill one would bring bad luck to the vintage.

527 The North Albanians begin their year on the 1st
789 of March. On this day the cattle are decked with gar-
777 lands of flowers, and the Ghegs not only tie threads of
● [805] many colours on the wrists and necks of their children, but themselves also wear one of red silk on the little finger of the right hand and the great toe of the right foot. When the first swallow has been seen, they take off these threads, and hang them on the rose-bushes, in order that the swallows may take them to their nests. [177] Von Hahn is of opinion that this graceful little custom is not indigenous, and it may indeed have been partly borrowed, either from the Bulgarians, or, through the neighbouring Vlachs, from the Roumanians, with whom, as I have already mentioned,[1] a similar usage exists. While I was at Salonica, one

[1] Vol. I. p. 335.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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539

Where is the man, love of such mother, wife,
Who holds within his heart, counts not his life
As naught, as naught whatever he
May sacrifice, to keep his loved one free.

* * * * *

Come! Oh, ye generous sons, brave children, come!
And you, ye cherished husbands, hasten home.
Come to the arms of those who, with your fall,
Would have lost loved ones, country, home, and all!
Come back and rest from war's dread strife and din,
And teach your sons a hero's name to win!

533
173

The following ballad graphically describes a struggle which took place in 1795 between the Ghegs under Mahmoud Pasha of Scutari and the Tosks under Kourd Pasha of Berat.

539
173

Beat, beat, O valiant hearts of Ghegs, with noble pride!
The hosts of Tosks we've scattered far and wide;
For warrior Scutari has now at length,
With Roumeli's famed hero tried her strength.

To Hussein Mollah hear them call with glee,
"Now onward march, Tabácchi and Terzi,
Tosk has met Gheg. Come thou, our Laureate,
And make a song this fight to celebrate."

Kourd Pasha's at Berat, there let him bide;
Mean is his rank to stand Mahmoud beside;
What's he before Mahmoud Pasha, our lord?
How dares he 'gainst his master draw the sword?

Rebel is Kourd Pasha and *verlazi*,[1]
To his liege lord a traitor foul is he;
With fear he trembles when afar the drum,
Three hours[2] away, proclaims Mahmoud doth come.

[805
822]

[1] One who takes arms against his suzerain.
[2] Distance in the East is always calculated by time